15.

The XLV. Chapter of the

# PROPHECIES

OF

# THOMAS the RHYMER,

IN VERSE;

With NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS,

DEDICATED TO

DOCTOR SILVERSPOON,

Preacher of SEDITION in AMERICA.

*Pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno.*

OVID.

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## Preacher of SEDITION in America.

SIR,

ARTS and ſciences claim the patronage of perſons diſtinguiſhed by excelling in their ſeparate and peculiar branches.

THE deſign of this publication is to arouſe my ſleeping countrymen, to alarm them with imaginary dangers, to blaſt and eradicate harmony and loyalty, which at preſent unhappily flouriſh among this *deluded people*; to clog the wheels of government, nay, to join hand in hand with our brethren in America, and overturn the ſyſtem.

THESE

THESE being the laudable and profeſſed intentions of this work, I ſhould be inſenſible to your merit, and ungrateful for your ſervices, did I heſitate a moment in laying it at your feet, and acknowledging your eminence in inflaming the people to take arms againſt government.

IT gives me ſincere pleaſure to obſerve the proſperity which has hitherto attended our military operations. I entertain the moſt *ſanguine* expectations, that they will be finally crowned with ſucceſs. But, great Sir, allow me to ſuggeſt my fears; I dread, that, ſuppoſing the Britiſh forces totally expelled from America, diſſention among the Americans, or an attack by ſome foreign power, will oblige them to make deteſtable and abject ſubmiſſions to Britain, to implore her protection, and the eſtabliſhment of the former government, as happened to our forefathers at the reſtoration.

I ſhall lay before you my reaſon for entertaining this melancholy apprehenſion, by explaining the whole myſtery of rebellion.

Rebellion, Sir, is owing entirely to *drunkenneſs*. There are two ſorts of drunkenneſs, natural, and political. Natural drunkenneſs is occaſioned by an exceſſive quantity of ſtrong liquor, diſtributed by importers, diſtillers, brewers, vintners, and tapſters; who gain an honeſt liveliehood by following their reſpective employments, conducive to the ſame end, namely, the ruin of their conſtitution. The effects produced by it are a temporary confuſion or diſorder of the intellect. Hence, among the votaries of Bacchus, tumult and uproar, fighting and quarrels prevail; tables, bottles, and glaſſes are thrown down; rank and diſtinction are effaced; mirth flows with wine; the happy forget the cauſe of their joys; the miſerable loſe the ſenſe of their ſorrows: Every idea is loſt in ebriety.

Political drunkenneſs is occaſioned by *zeal.* It is diſtributed by thoſe of deſperate fortune and counſel, by the victims of diſappointed ambition, by diſcontented pretenders to patriotiſm in the Houſes of Peers and Commons, by needy authors; but, above all, by ſeditious Preachers, who gain an *honeſt liveliehood* by exerting their reſpective endeavours, conducive to the ſame end, namely *the deſtruction of their country.* The effects produced by it, are a violent yet temporary frenzy. Hence, among the children of diſcord, anarchy and uproar; rape, robbery, and murder prevail; rank and diſtinction are effaced; the ſprings of humanity are frozen; the happy tremble, leſt they be robbed of the innocent enjoyments which a flouriſhing family and ample fortune can confer; with the miſerable, the ſenſe of their private diſtreſs is ſwallowed up amidſt the horrors of public calamity: Every idea is overpowered by the general frenzy.

As the nation is to an individual, ſo is political to natural drunkenneſs.

Now,

Now, there are two ways of diſſipating this drunken zeal; by a hearty drubbing, or by being crowned with ſucceſs. If we ſhall attain the latter of theſe alternatives, our honourable purpoſe, if we ſhall no longer have Britain to contend with, it is to be dreaded that the delirium will ceaſe, that the people will turn ſober, will perceive the nakedneſs of their ſituation, expoſed to internal diſſention and foreign invaſion, and, following the example ſet them in the ſcriptures, will ſay, "I will ariſe and go to my Father, &c."

I wiſh I could ſend you more agreeable news from this *deluded kingdom.* We are not, however, totally deſtitute of friends; a majority of ſmugglers are in favour of us, and ſome *high flying clergy* in a certain *city* have betrayed their affection to our cauſe. As many people do not reliſh their ſermons, they are reſolved, in order to diffuſe their principles the more generally, to communicate them in a Weekly Publication. "*Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor*

"*figs*

" *figs from thiſtles*;" we may therefore apprehend every thing favourable from this performance.

I entreat you to continue your correſpondence with the *wizard brethren.* They will publiſh letters in the Caledonian Mercury, till ſuch time as they ſhall get *a magazine of their own*, replete with inflammatory ſtores; and in theſe letters they will applaud your " *great temper and moderation on the preſent melancholy* " *ſtate of affairs*," and will aſſure the public, that you " *have neither preached nor printed on political ſub-* " *jects.*"

I am, with profound reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt faithful,

And moſt *zealous* ſervant,

THE PUBLISHER.

The XLV. Chapter of the

# PROPHECIES

OF

# THOMAS the RHYMER,

IN VERSE;

With NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS *.

*Liſten to my dreadful name,*
*Inſert my true prophetic theme.*

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN diſtant climes in days of yore,
Four holy wizard Brethern † bore

C Deſcent,

* The genius of this age has diſplayed itſelf in notes, commentaries, proofs, and illuſtrations. It is not reckoned beneath the dignity of a Biſhop, to ſpoil an excellent diſh with his abominable cookery,

Deſcent, of horrible conjunction,
Of parent Gods, reverſe in function.
Lord Mercury ‡, after mighty pother,
Seduced Diſcordia ‖ their mother.
The brethern hence were fam'd for lies,
Sedition and malignant eyes,
Practiſed

cookery, to publiſh our beſt authors with his execrable notes. By writing commentaries on the Bible, *we acquire a property in the word of God*, and cheat his Majeſty's printer with impunity. Proofs and illuſtrations are tacked to hiſtory, like a tail to a kite; but alas, the ſimile fails us, for it is the buoyant redundance of the tail, which enables the hiſtorical kites to flutter above the horizon. We ſhall not affront our readers by ſuppoſing them unacquainted with the lives or writings *of any* of the prophets.

† It has greatly puzzled the learned to determine who theſe four brethern were; the moſt probable opinion is, that they were *Flamens* in the temple of Diſcord.

‡ A Heathen God, ſon of Jupiter and Maia, famous for lies and cheating.

‖ Diſcordia was worſhipped at Rome as a Goddeſs; the name ſufficiently indicates her character. For a particular deſcription of this amiable *female* divinity, ſee *Petronius Arbiter*.

Practiſed their father's cheating arts,
And threw their mother's rankled darts,
To blaſt the concord of a nation,
Whoſe laws they held in deteſtation.

The holy wizard brethern met,
And thus their magick ſong they ſet.

1ſt WIZARD.

In a brazen pulpit boil,
Of flaming zeal the holy oil;
Throw the ſeeds of harſh diſſentions,
Lying tales and falſe pretenſions,
Tongue of Preacher on damnation *,
To a ſnoring congregation;
Cimeter, that, with a blow,
Laid the tyrant Charles low †.

ALL.

* A favourite topic with popular preachers.

† King Charles I.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Make our brazen pulpit bubble.

## 2d WIZARD.

Sound Rebellion's bloody trumpet,
'Gainſt the ſcarlet Roman ſtrumpet *;
Wicked ſtatute at her beck †,
Settled Popery in Quebec:
O'er Preſbytry a miſt ſhe threw,
Rank with baleful Romiſh dew;
This Popiſh miſt is preſentation,
Grievance dire to Scottiſh nation.

ALL. But the whore with flaming ſtubble
In brazen tub ſhall boil and bubble.

3d

* Alias the whore of Babylon, alias the Pope, alias Antichriſt.

† Act of Parliament in conſequence of the national faith pledged in treaties, for the liberal and humane purpoſes of allowing the French in Canada their own laws and religion.

3d WIZARD.

In I throw the bleſſed fillet
Of holy Haxton of Rathillet *,
Who Biſhop Sharp, with pious crew,
For God and for religion ſlew.
Infuſe bold Norman Leſlie's gall,
Who ſmote a Popiſh Cardinal †.
Scatter next the curſed halter
That throttled rebel covenanter ‡.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Make ſedition boil and bubble.



* Who murdered the Archbiſhop of St Andrew's,

† He murdered Cardinal Beaton.

‡ Several of the rebellious covenanters, who fought againſt government at Bothwell-bridge, having been in due courſe of law condemned to the juſt puniſhment of their crimes, were offered a pardon, upon condition that they would ſay, 'God ſave the King.' They rejected the offer!

4th WIZARD.

Tongue of Bedloe and of Oates *,
Hatchers of falſe Popiſh plots:
Jenny Geddes' † warlike ſtool,
Knocking down prelatic fool:
Duſt that forty years has laid
On rotten pulpit's crazy head:
Apoſtolic Knox's ‡ blood,
Shall make the charm firm and good.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble,
From our brazen pulpit bubble.

From

* As infamous tools to Shaftſbury, their repeated perjuries alarmed a frantic people with the dread of plots which never exiſted. Oates's ſervices were rewarded by a penſion of L. 400 a year from our glorious Deliverer.

† Upon the liturgy being read by the Biſhop of Edinburgh, in St Giles's church, this woman threw the ſtool ſhe had been ſitting upon at his head, and general uproar enſued. This is commonly reckoned the prelude to the civil wars in the reign of Charles I.

‡ The immortal champion of reformation.

From the pulpit out there flew
A Monſter huge, of chequered hue,
Black its words, tho' white the field,
Covered with an azure ſhield;
Tongue it had not, yet it ſpoke
Of CONSTITUTION *and a block*;
On its forehead might be ſeen
PERIODIC MAGAZINE *.
Its wings expanded dully flew,
Scattering ſharp corroſive dew;
Sedition ſprung where-e'er it fell,
" Sedition," croak'd this imp of hell.

Pleas'd

* A publication of this nature will infallibly make its appearance. The authority of Thomas the Rhymer is unqueſtionable, *Certain propoſals* which have lately been diſtributed among the public, lead us to preſume, that the period is at hand. The prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer apply chiefly to civil wars, witneſs the famous one fulfilled in the late rebellion, " Between " Dunbar and the Baſs the Fox ſhall be loſt." The Fox accordingly, *a ſhip of war*, was loſt in the ſpot foretold, and all on board periſhed. *Some April fools* will convince this ſceptical age of the reality of this performance, " *That it might be fulfilled which was* " *ſpoken by Thomas the Rhymer.*"

Pleas'd with the offspring of their magic rites,
Their diſmal ſong renew'd the horrid Sprites.

We ſhall rejoice when good kings bleed * ;
When, to change adminiſtration,
We embroil the Britiſh nation,
Holding kings in deteſtation
More firmly than our creed ;
We ſhall rejoice when good Kings bleed ;
When anarchy and wild uproar,
Reſounding from Atlantic ſhore,
Stained with loyal Britiſh gore,
By treaſon's lucky deed.

Rejoice, rejoice,
All in a voice,
We ſhall rejoice,
When civil diſcord does a ſtate embroil
We holy harpies feed upon the ſpoil.

But

* To Support the ſpirits of our party, we recommend to them to enliven their treaſonable converſation, by bawling theſe verſes to the tune ſung by the witches in Macbeth.

But ſee, thro' ſilver moon-light gliding,
Horrid hags in triumph riding,
Bringing news of joyful tiding,
From Diſcord's dreary dome.
Lo they bring from coaſt Atlantic,
Where fears ideal, yet gigantic,
Have render'd a whole nation frantic,
The gentle Silverſpoon *.

But now, that we open ſo ſplendid a vein,
Our verſe muſt aſſume an heroical ſtrain,
To you our *Apoſtle*, all hail, and all hail,
Who with red flaming fire-brands a people aſſail.
Sure no man (this century) has trumpeted further
Our favourite cauſes of treaſon and murder;
You have boldly ſupported the doctrine we hold,
" *That our King and our God were made to be ſold* † !"



* The reſpectable perſon to whom this work is addreſſed.

† King Charles I. ſold by the Scottiſh army for L. 80000. Our Saviour ſold by Judas for thirty pieces of ſilver, and both of them murdered.

We ſhall juſtify both by the gallant behaviour
Of the people who murdered their King and their Saviour.
A King ſhou'd be kill'd, ſays hiſtoric deſcription,
When his right to the throne is fix'd by preſcription:
Beſides, ſhall we ever incur the diſgrace,
To raiſe no rebellion for thirty years ſpace *?
To arms, to arms, ſound Diſcord's alarms;
Our pen and our pulpit ſhall rouſe us to arms.

Our forces will ſpeed, we ſhall take Montreal †,
And ſpeedily conquer Chamblee,
With no greater odds than twenty to one,
We'll make raſcally Britons to flee.

Who would loiter at home that loves money or power,
If induc'd by ſo noble a prize,
The national riches and rule are ours,
*When the Sov'reign is ſeiz'd on and dies.*

We

* It is believed, that no inſtance is recorded in the Britiſh annals, where the nation was free from civil war for a longer continued period than thirty years.

† This prophecy is already accompliſhed. The verſes may be ſung to the tune of the Echoing horn.

We ſhall be ſmiling *,
'Midſt murder and reviling,
And virgins defiling,
And public diſmay.

When civil diſcord rages,
Confounding ranks and ages,
When Britain's laurels
Are withered away.

Bleſſed be our fortune,
With King and country ſporting,
And vengeance retorting
Upon all our foes.

Their degradation
Is our elevation,
We'll trample on the nation,
ON THISTLE, CROWN, AND ROSE.

* Theſe verſes may be ſung to the tune of The Flowers of the foreſt.

FINIS.

We shall be smiling,*
Midst murder and reviling,
And virgins defiling,
And public dismay.

When civil discord rages,
Confounding ranks and ages,
When Britain's laurels
Are withered away.

Blessed be our fortune,
With King and country sporting,
And venganca retorting
Upon all our foes.

Their degradation
Is our elevation,
We'll trample on the nation,
On thistle, crown, and rose.

* These verses may be sung to the tune of The Flowers of the forest.

F I N I S.